



## SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1779

Saturday 07 March, 2020

Hares: Murkury & Fungus

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So here goes nothing ...Fungus, walking up random people, walking away disappointed...what did you want Fungus?! A scribe. So here goes, a first time scribe, a first time paying attention in the circle, and a first time writing minutes for a bunch of the best alcoholic runners.

All in all it was a classic messy hash, hash signs were missing, things were said or mumbled in the circle, shoes were lost, other shoes were found, people lied about their birthdays, JC was blessed a long life, Fungus wished the already long run was longer, and Jessica took notes.

Today's run was tough. Blue paper was mentioned but supposedly never seen, pink paper was all over the place steering us away from wrong run paths, and other paper was just basically everywhere except on the walk! A few got lost and people returned from 3 if not 4 different directions, but back nonetheless. The run masters obviously fucked about with the paper, but a beer in everyone's hand - or water/gatorade for the healthier hasher - and the circle began. Was it a good hash? Yes! Round of applause to the hares.

The circle all began when Dr Evil and Twice Nightly were summoned to answer some questions, specifically, an assistant Hash Horn, what?

The circle oohs, aahs, boos, but ultimately were just trying to figure out...Twice Nightly was there to help blow the horn, right?! Or perhaps that was just this scribe.. Fungus summarised it as the lazy runner, the lazy horn, and the good runner situation - all to avoid a race.

Lucky Lek came out with a few mumbles to make his famous "ANNOUNCEMENT" announcement.

Woodpecker first to be called into the circle - happy birthday you \*\*\*\*! The circle later called

in people with recent or upcoming birthdays was called in for a hash blessing and a beer, one gentleman believed January constituted as “recent” - well, he is a piss pot, so they say! Anyway, it was 30 baht beer from then! Thank you Woodpecker!!!

Woodpecker continued out in the circle to brag about the upcoming Iron Pussy run. Same place, same time, but 3 giveaway shirts! Sorry lads, bitches only.

Dr Jekyll made a circle announcement of his own - WHERE ARE MY HASH SIGNS he bellows.

Whoever has them - give them back, the man wants his signs!

JC, now we all know this man never has his dog on the leash, but had the audacity to tell us the next run was a NO DOGS ALLOWED RUN. Dogs can only hang out at the laager. It didn't take long for our sharp hashers to catch him out. “What a load of bollocks” was heard left and right as Jaws told JC he never had his dog on a leash! Did someone in the circle shout at him to put his wife on a leash? Come on circle!

Run offences included:

Jaws calling out JC again for his dog comment - what do you mean keep dogs on a leash you hypocritical \*\*\*\*.

The hares were called out for encouraging dangerous racing downhill - come on blokes! Dr Fucking Jekyll called out Jaws for being a shortcut-taking, cheating twat.

And of course Mercury for his yappy dog who wouldn't stop suffocating itself as it dragged him along, oh Tyson - the chicken killer, the livestock murderer, the poultry reaper. Jaws recounted a moment of peace when the dog relaxed until: enter wild hog, queue dog, aaaaaaaaand go.

The circle continued on calling out offenders of everything, none of them run related.

- GM and hasher money feuds: borrowed, returned, and something about beer
- Clitmas Pussy and ladies called out for having their own circle - we get it! The iron pussy is coming up, and beer
- Manneken Pis and Fungus: something about only speaking when in need of employees, and beer
- Mercury being called for haring followed by Piss Drinker who said fuck that to haring. Jaws also shows up and starts stealing the circle story off Fungus - whats happening??
- Mister Fister and Manneken Pis for \*inaudible\*
- Not Cleaver got new shoes from Jaws that has since gone missing, Gorgeous enters with other new shoes that aren't the ones for Jaws - a sole problem in the life of three grown men
- Woodpecker picked on Hangover as he lived up to his name following birthday celebrations - but hey, the guy still gave it his everything!
- Fungus found out as he was called in to the circle by JAWS. “Muddy” roads it wrote in

the instructions to get here - dammit Fungus, it hasn't rained for months! Where's the mud at???

- Once Weekly managed to get so lost, maybe if Dr Jekyll had all his signs, we wouldn't be in this predicament!

The circle then opened to whoever had something to say:

Too Old To Fuck has returned! Looking for last weeks hares, the circle agreed as an outbreak of "who remembers last week" went around. Unsatisfied by his lack of address to his illness, Fungus enters the circle to point out Too Old To Fuck had parasites and begins mentioning the video of it he saw. Fungus! Get the fuck out! Who made the circle go silent THIS time?!

Lucky Lek calls a little miss into the circle. To be honest, does anyone hear what he is saying? Not sure what was going on there, but we are pretty sure he said she had a room at the expat and is happy to expect visitors before midnight. There was also some talk about an Ex GM in relation to her but...it will remain a mystery. Basically, what's happening??

Fungus shared a fun coronavirus story: 86 men were included in the quarantine of a brothel in Spain. How many of those men do you think told their wife they were going out for a beer, he asked.

Return runners were blessed and new runners were "hashtised" - a word a just made up to be the equivalent of baptized. One single new runner meant the crème de la crème of ceremonies, 5 cups of beer, 4 buckets of ice water over the head - welcome to the hash!

Shirts were given out to Preacher for ????

25 runs was awarded to Jessica

50 runs was awarded to Gobby who came with perfect tits out and seen

100 runs was awarded to Hangover and Sweet Pussy - well done!

Fungus returned to the circle with one more question - who read the scribe notes? He incorrectly introduced Jessica as this week's scribe followed by questioning the circle on who read it and why not. Mercury summed it up with a elegant simple answer, to paraphrase: we don't need to fucking read it, we were there!

Sweaty Bollocks, good luck to you as next weeks scribe - think twice before saying "no this week cannooot, next week can".

The hash came to close after a quaint little singing session, versus we only wish we caught in time to share but I suppose we have to leave some magic for being there itself.

See you all next week! ON ON!

Jessica, scribe

